

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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The Spiritual Age.

THE DOCTRINE OF ENDLESS MISERY.

The "Minister's Wooing," a story by Harriet Beecher Stowe, now in progress in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is by far the most powerful of her works of fiction.

To our mind the argument against endless misery was never more powerfully presented, than in the following extracts from the "Minister's Wooing" in the September number of the *Atlantic*.

The first extract gives the view of that horrible dogma, as held by the earlier Puritans, but which has been wonderfully softened and toned down, in these days of heresy and infidelity! No clergyman of this day dare preach the doctrines of Hopkins, Edwards, &c., &c. But to the extracts:

"The preaching of those times was animated by an unflinching consistency which never shrank from carrying an idea to its remotest logical verge. The sufferings of the lost were not kept from view, but proclaimed with a terrible power. Dr. Hopkins boldly asserts that 'all the use which God will have for them is to suffer; this is all the end they can answer; therefore all their faculties, and their whole capacities, will be employed and used for this end. . . The body can by omnipotence be made capable of suffering the greatest imaginable pain, without producing dissolution, or abating the least degree of life or sensibility.

One way in which God will show his power in the punishment of the wicked will be in strengthening and holding their bodies and souls in torments which would be otherwise intolerable."

Marvyn has lost a son—noble, hearty, brave and manly—by an unfortunate accident, there was no one who had ever experienced that "heart" which could alone pre-serve his health. God from pouring out his cease to be en- and beloved son! Mrs. Marvyn, who would not?—Disregarding my own the writer's soul it to my low state, similar torments: forward, and place, I can't help it, don't brushed back my must speak or die! eyes were fixed up, be resigned!—it is

"Charles, I am to all eternity I will never dreamed of it! Life seems first prize. That the permost in my mind, sent upon us? aim in life; my ch, so, to hope so,—oasis in my weary jo, and all the laws tle thought that our at—never stop on the same object. A can suffer so thought so? You have never have unsullied reputation, w. Success, with you, would ment life is! a momentary triumph. unity! and ish disappointment, soon ud know! With me how different! S. suffer! failure my death!"

As he ceased speaking a pallor came over his countenance, his lips quivered, and were in his eyes. I never saw him

what noble minds, what warm, generous hearts, what splendid natures are wrecked and thrown away by thousands and tens of thousands! How we love each other! how our hearts weave into each other! how more than glad we should be to die for each other! And all this ends—O God, how must it end?—Mary! it isn't my sorrow only! What right have I to mourn? Is my son any better than any other mother's son? Thousands of thousands, whose mothers loved them as I love mine, are gone there!—Oh, my wedding-day! Why did they rejoice; Brides should wear mourning,—the bells should toll for every wedding; every new family is built over this awful pit of despair, and only one in a thousand escapes!"

Pale, aghast, horror-stricken, Mary stood dumb, as one who in the dark and storm sees by the sudden glare of lightning a chasm yawning under foot. It was amazement and dimness of anguish;—the dreadful words struck on the very centre where her soul rested. She felt as if the point of a wedge were being driven between her life and her life's life,—between her and her God. She clasped her hands instinctively on her bosom, as if to hold there some cherished image, and said in a piercing voice of supplication "My God! oh, where art thou?"

"Dr. Hopkins says that this is all best—better than it would have been in any other way,—that God chose it because it was for a greater, final good,—that He not only chose it, but took means to make it certain,—that He ordains every sin, and does all that is necessary to make it certain, that He creates the vessels of wrath and fits them for destruction, and that He has an infinite knowledge by which He can do it without violating their free agency.—So much the worse! What a use of infinite knowledge! What if men should do so!—What if a father should take means to make it certain that his poor little child should be an abandoned wretch, without violating his free agency? So much the worse I say!—They say He does this so that He may show to all eternity, by their example, the evil nature of sin and its consequences! This is all that the greater part of the human race have been used for yet; and it is all right, because an overplus of infinite happiness is yet to be wrought out of it!—It is not right! No possible amount of good to ever so many can make it right to deprave ever so few;—happiness and misery cannot be measured so! I never can think it right,—never!—Yet they say our salvation depends on our loving God,—loving Him better than ourselves,—loving Him better than our dearest friends.—It is impossible!—It is contrary to the laws of my nature! I can never love God! I can never praise Him!—I am lost! lost! lost! And what is worse, I cannot redeem my friends! Oh, I could suffer forever,—how willingly!—if I could save him.—But oh, eternity, eternity! Frightful, unspeakable woe! No end!—no bottom!—no shore!—no hope!—O God! O God!"

Mrs. Marvyn has a faithful negro woman, once a slave, now a kind servant, whose great heart, throbbing with the deep tide of simple love and affection, comes to the rescue of the poor brain well-nigh crazed with the crushing theology which pictured God as a very fiend of cruelty and unappeasable ferocity. Can

anything be more exquisitely beautiful than the touching appeals by which this child of nature relieved the weight of agony resting on the mother's soul, dissolving it in tears? Listen:

"At this moment, Candace, who had been anxiously listening at the door for an hour past, suddenly burst into the room.

"'Lor' bress ye Squire Marvyn, we won't hab her goin' on dis yer way,' she said. 'Do talk gospel to her, can't ye?—ef you can't I will.

"'Ome ye poor little lamb,' she said, walking straight up to Mrs. Marvyn, 'come to ole Candace!—and with that she gathered the pale form to her bosom, and sat down and began rocking her, as if she had been a babe. 'Honey, darlin', ye a'n't right, —dar's a drefful mistake somewhar,' she said. 'Why, de Lord a'n't like what ye tink,—He loves ye, honey! Why, jes' feel how I loves ye,—poor ole black Candace;—an' I a'n't better'n Him as made me! Who was it wore de crown o' thorns, lamb?—who was it sweat great drops o' blood?—who was it said, 'Father, forgive dem'? Say, honey!—wasn't it de Lord de made ye?—Dar, dar, now ye'r cryin'—cry away, and ease yer poor little heart! He died for Mass'r Jim,—loved him and died for him,—jes' give up his sweet, precious body and soul for him on de cross! Laws, jes' leave him in Jesus' hands! Why, honey, dar's de very print o' de nails in his hands now!"

"The flood-gates were rent; and healing sobs and tears shook the frail form, as a faded lily shakes under the soft rains of summer. All in the room wept together.

"Now, honey," said Candace, after a pause of some minutes, "I knows our Doctor's a mighty good man, an' larned,—an' in fair weather I ha'n't no 'bjection to yer hearin' all about dese yer great and mighty tings he's got to say. But, honey, dey won't do for you now; sick folks musn't hab strong meat; an' times like dese, dar jest a'n't but one ting to come to, an' dat ar's Jesus. Jes' come right down to whar poor ole black Candace has to stay allors,—it's a good place darlin'! Look right at Jesus. Tell ye, honey, ye can't live no other way now. Don't ye 'member how He looked on His mother, when she stood faintin' and tremblin' unde de cross, jes' like you? He knows all about mothers' hearts; He won't break yours. It was jes' 'cause He know'd we'd come into straits like dis yer, dat he went through all dese tings,— Him, de Lord o' Glory! Is dis Him you was a-talkin' about?—Him you don't love? Look at Him, an' see if you can't. Look an' see what He is!—don't ask no questions, and don't go to no reasonin'—jes' look at Him, hangin' dar, so sweet and patient, on de cross! All dey could do couldn't stop his lovin' 'em; he prayed for 'em wid all the breath he had. Dar! a God you can love, a'n't dar? Candace oves Him,—poor, ole, foolish, black, wicked Candace,—an' she knows He loves her,—and here Candace broke down into torrents of weeping."

They laid the mother, faint and weary, on her bed, and beneath the shadow of that suffering cross came down a healing sleep on those weary eyelids.

Men are every day trying and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation, what has no root whatever in their serious conviction.—[Channing.]

SATISFACTORY—OR OUGHT TO BE.

[It appears that in a certain town in Wisconsin, a proposition was made to invite Brown, of the Wisconsin Chief to deliver a temperance address. Some objection were made, three of which we subjoin, with the editor's plea of guilty to all of them.]

"Brown is mercenary—will not go to talk temperance without pay."

Guilty! We have a large sum invested in gratuitous reform labor, and now retire on the income. Our Bank account of "good wishes" and votes of thanks, show several millions in our favor, and we are above the necessity of lecturing and footing our own bills. We are now speculating—putting potatoes in the ground and enjoying the increase.

"He is rich and lives in a palace at 'The Oaks.'"

All truth. We are one of the nabobs.—Like the fellow who would have four chipmunks when he killed the one he was after, and three more, so we shall have some land when we get it. Our palace is principally of pine, 22x30, one story, and most sumptuously furnished. It is neither plastered, papered, or painted inside—such furnishing is too plebeian. We use the stove-pipe for a chimney, and our parlor for hall, reception room, dining-room, kitchen, library, santum, wash-room, place to spank the children, etc., etc. Our Brussels ingrain is made of old coat-skirts, shirt-tails, dilapidated pants, and other things too numerous to mention. Our furniture is common cherry, and our chairs bottomed with cat-tail flags. Our spoons are mostly pewter—silver being rather common. Our chattels personal run up to the handsome figure of several millions.

One wife, value not to be computed.	
Three young'uns.	ditto.
Three pigs,	
Twelve hens and more hatching—	\$2.75
(not paid for or price known.)	
One cat and four kittens,	5.00
Two cows, and a calf in prospect,	50.00
Two jack-knives,	2.50
One quarter acre strawberries,	5000.00

The above, with little matters divers and sundry, give figures the spasms when the total is enumerated. We dare not go into details, for fear of robbery. If Bro.— expects a man of such means to go and talk temperance, he will be disappointed. We are growing more and more mercenary every day. We shall add three more pigs to our sty, and push the setting hens to their utmost. And if our farrow cow should add another calf to our horned stock, we shall be above lecturing entirely.

"He struts about the farm and plays the lord in broadcloth."

A fact. Our home rig was once broadcloth, though badly ventilated now. Rents range from the knee upward. Our hat is straw, and now in its fourth summer's wear. Our shoes and kids came with us into the world. And when we walk among the Lawtons, Catawissas, Houghtons seedlings, the spacious strawberry patches, and look upon two apples, and a half dozen pears, one quart of currants at least, several gooseberries and as many raspberries, we do, feel like a lord, and above the benevolent business of lecturing and paying our expenses for a vote of thanks.

THE LONDON TIMES OFFICE.—Mr. Story, son of one of the proprietors of the Rochester Democrat, writes to that paper an account of his visit to the office of the London Times.—We copy a portion of this narrative:

"One of the most interesting and novel departments of the establishment is that in which the stereotyping process is carried on. You know, perhaps, already, that every number of the Times is printed from stereotype plates, thus saving a great part of the wear and tear of the type. The stereotype plate is taken

from the "form" in three minutes, by a new process, invented by a Swiss and known only to him. A thin layer of soft and damp papier mache first receives the impression of the type, and after it has been hardened by the application of heat, the melted lead is poured on which is to form the stereotype plate. The papier mache has the power of resisting the action of the melted lead, and comes out of the fiery trial uninjured, and almost unscorched. The plates are re-melted every day after the issue of the day is printed from them, and the waste of type metal from day to day is very slight. By this power of multiplying the number of forms from which the same side of the paper can be printed, the Times can use three or four presses at once, and thus print its 50,000 copies, on an emergency, in two hours time. The Times employs in its establishment some 350 persons. It has eighteen reporters at the Houses of Parliament, and for these, as well as for the majority of its compositors, the working hours are the night hours exclusively. It owns four cabs, which are employed solely in carrying reporters and reports at night to and fro between Printing House Square and the Palace at Westminster. The reporters relieve each other at the end of every quarter hour, and thus, though the debate in the Commons last till four o'clock in the morning, the Times give it in full by sunrise, though it cover two whole pages of the journal."

ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV.—Henry IV., of France, visited, by chance, a garden, which had been embellished and nursed with much care. Among the persons who accompanied the King, was a courtier, who had a red beard. The latter racked his brains to find something to amuse the august personage during his walk. While he was endeavoring to enliven the conversation by some witty sally, the gardener appeared before them; he had no beard, though already advanced in years. "My friend," said the courtier, immediately addressing him, "why have you no beard on your chin?" He had imagined that the shyness and shame of the gardener would give him cause for merriment. But the countryman, without appearing the least astonished, turned towards the one who had questioned him. "When Nature," said he, "distributed its beards to mortals, I arrived rather late; and as there only remained red ones, I preferred doing without, than taking one of that color."

ELECTRICITY.—Atmospheric electricity has been much neglected by meteorologists. The beneficial effects of electricity on the vegetable kingdom are of a character so apparent, that any extended researches upon this branch of meteorology, calculated to throw additional light upon the subject, is very desirable. There are several instruments used in studying the subject. The most simple is Glazier's electrometer, which, being portable, should become generally adopted. To be able to announce the approach of a thunderstorm at a time when the sky is free from clouds, and to ascertain its speed, so as to tell when it may be expected in any given place, would afford the farmer, the mariner, and many other persons, information of a most valuable character.—[Life III.]

Girls are early taught deceit, and they never forget the lesson. Boys are more outspoken. This is because boys are more instructed to be frank and open is to be manly and generous, while their sisters are perpetually admonished that "this is not pretty," or "that is not becoming," until they have learned to control their natural impulses, and to regulate their conduct by precepts and example. The result of all this is, that while men retain much of their natural dispositions, women have made-up characters.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by
W. H. CHANEY, in the Clerk's Office of the District
Court of Massachusetts.

MINNIE, THE MEDIUM; OR, SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

BY W. H. CHANEY,
EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL AGE, AUTHOR OF "THE MES-
SIAH," "THE MISSION OF CHARITY," &c., &c.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

In the following story, it has been the aim of the author to lose his own identity, in the character of an old German Philosopher. He therefore starts with him in boyhood, introducing many circumstances, facts and characters, which are real. The chief object of the work is to instruct. Should it be objected that the character of Minnie is too highly wrought, the author has only this reply—"When properly developed and progressed, it will not be impossible for thousands to become as good and pure as Minnie; but even were it otherwise, he would rather place the standard too high than too low."

There are some circumstances connected with the writing of this work, which, to say the least, are remarkable. Until the Spring of 1857, the author had been a violent opposer of Spiritualism, having, in his capacity of editor, written many severe, and as he now perceives, unjust criticisms in reference to it. His conversion to a belief in the doctrine was not sudden and brilliant, like that of Paul, but was the result of a careful investigation, during which each fact was separately examined, and required to be proved before being admitted. This occurred during a stay at the Fountain House in Boston, in the spring and summer of 1857, whither he went, and was obliged to remain by force of circumstances, and much against his inclinations.

During this time, he visited a medium at the house of Dr. Hayden—her name is now forgotten—through whom he was informed that the spirit of an aged man was endeavoring to approach him, but could not. The spirit held a parchment, closely rolled and tied with tape, but no information could be obtained.

Subsequently the author made the acquaintance of Dr. A. C. Stiles of Bridgeport, Ct., upon whose invitation he was induced to call on Mrs. Peabody, then at 8 Avon Place, and now 15 Davis street.—Mrs. Peabody declined sitting as a test medium, and endeavored to persuade her visitors to call upon some other medium, she supposing from remarks made that both were opposers. After some persuasion from Dr. Stiles, she finally consented to sit for him, but immediately upon experiencing an influence, turned to the author and gave him a series of more than fifty of the most remarkable and astonishing tests. So impressed was he with the presence of loved ones who had passed on, that yielding to the holy spell he wept both in joy and sorrow. These were the first tests he had ever received. He was also told of the spirit of a white haired old man, with a roll of papers, hovering near him.

In October following, at the house of B. Barker, in Ellsworth, Me., he saw for the first time a Miss Johnson, of Portland, now Mrs. D. Dana, of Roxbury, through whom he was again informed of the presence of this spirit, with papers which the spirit offered, but which he refused.

In June 1859, at a private house in Gardiner, Me., in company with two other gentlemen, who would prefer that their names should not be mentioned, a medium from Hallowell informed the author that the spirit of an aged man was constantly about him, impressing him with spiritual truths. That the spirit held a parchment, tied with strings. But no further information could be obtained.

Some four weeks subsequently, Dr. J. S. Lovell, of Yarmouth, Me., a clairvoyant and medium, was in Gardiner, and at a private circle, the author was again informed of the presence of the spirit with the parchment, the strings of which were cut, and the parchment unrolled sufficiently to read the one word thereon—"PROGRESSION." He was also informed that this spirit gave him impressions constantly in writing, especially while writing a very lengthy article, which contained fiction in real life, but numerous facts in regard to spiritualism. (This story was at that time about half written.)

Subsequently, through the same medium, he was informed that this spirit was with him constantly, and at the proper time would disclose who he was while living in the earth form.

These communications suggested the design of the new engraved head of the SPIRITUAL AGE, and the author may as well add in this connection that the story of Minnie was commenced nearly three months, before he ever had a thought of becoming editor of the Age.

The communications in reference to the spirit of this old man, have, in every instance, come through strangers, personally unknown to each other and to the author. Three of them he never saw but once; Mrs. Peabody but twice, and up to this writing (Aug. 18th, 1858,) he doubts if she knows his name; Dr. Lovell he has seen some half a dozen times. Dr. Stiles he saw only for a few days, and has never seen him since. To none of them has he ever written, and none have written to him.

Except in the first instance, there have always been witnesses present, and they will bear evidence to the truth of this statement. The different times, places and circumstances, render it absolutely im-

possible, in some of these instances, that there could have been any collusion between the mediums; while in the other cases it is highly improbable.

That this work is faulty in some particulars the author is well aware. It has been written in the editor's sanctum, amid continued interruptions, and while it was necessary to devote three fourths of his time to business. But he trusts it will prove interesting to the general reader, and especially so to the Spiritualist. Of its moral tendency, in its inculcation of the principles of virtue, purity, and the better emotions of the soul, he entertains no doubt, else it would never be given to the public.

It has been the aim of the author to render the work as natural as possible—that is, upon the assumption that Animal Magnetism, Clairvoyance, and Spiritualism are true—so that it shall appear rather as a history than a fiction. For this reason, many real characters are introduced, along with facts that have actually transpired.

That it has been written under the direction of an intelligence not subject to the control of his will, he scarcely entertains a doubt, notwithstanding he has always been in a perfectly conscious state. His reasons for this conclusion are, first, scarce any details have been introduced as he had planned them; secondly, circumstances, theories and arguments are introduced as new to him as though written by another; thirdly, whole pages have been written, while his mind has been entirely occupied with another subject—just as a person will sometimes drop into a reverie while reading, and even though reading aloud, so that others will understand, be wholly unconscious of the subject. This state of mind he has often experienced while reading, but never before while writing.—He therefore concludes that the first degree, or incipient stage towards perfect trance, is unconscious reading—something which probably every person who can read has experienced many times.

With this introduction, and hoping that the reader may derive both pleasure and profit from its perusal, he now submits it to the friends and patrons of the SPIRITUAL AGE.

CHAPTER I.

MY HISTORY.

I was born on the 14th day of January, A. D., 1791, in the Barony of * * * * *, upon the river Maine, in one of the states of Germany. Being an only child, I was heir to the broad acres, the old mansion, and the title of Baron, all of which had been transmitted through many generations. Our family name was Wiltonsteiner, but upon the accession of one of my ancestors to the Barony, about the middle of the fifteenth century, it was changed to Wydorf. As he was the first Baron von Wydorf, of course he was the first of my ancestors—no one of the descendants ever presuming to trace the family history beyond his accession, until I, the last Baron von Wydorf, having become disgusted with empty sounding titles, and an enthusiastic Republican, explored the moth-eaten records of the past, and having discovered that my more remote ancestors had been known by the name of Wiltonsteiner, I at once resolved upon adopting it; and wishing to Americanize my name—I was already an American in heart—I dropt the *steiner* at the same time I rejected the ancestral title. But the title of "Professor" I consider as my own property, having earned it myself. Had it been an inheritance, I should have spurned it with the same contempt I do all titles, sought to be perpetuated by a corrupt and imbecile aristocracy.

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow"—has been my motto through life. I feel more veneration for the lacquey who brushes my coat and polishes my boots, if he is honest, and discharges his duties faithfully, than for the prince royal, who has nothing to boast but his noble descent. Others profess strict adherence to this principle; yet I am mortified to be obliged to say their acts belie their professions. The masses of Europe are still struggling against an effeminate aristocracy which has cursed them for centuries, while in America the son of an obscure laborer may be found among the most distinguished men of the nation. The masses of Europe are unable to break down the barriers, erected before their birth by a selfish aristocracy, and which keeps the poor and lowly-born, from places of distinction and renown. But in America as the widowed mother scrubs over her wash-tub, wondering what necessary of life she can best dispense with, in order to purchase her boy a new spelling-book, she may reasonably indulge the day-dream of looking forward to the time when that boy shall become a school teacher—then enter one of the learned professions—and finally take rank with the first men of his age. Not so in Europe, where,

with the exception of but few countries, the chief aim of government seems to be to make the poor, poorer—the rich, richer.

I must crave the reader's pardon for this digression, for I am now writing for an American public, where these facts are as familiar as household words. Yet I trust he will not lose patience with the "old man." Remember that I once became disgusted with both political and social tyranny, and during the quarter of a century which I have passed as a hermit, have neither read nor heard of the rapid progress in the elevation of man, which was being made upon this side of the Atlantic. Hence, a new life has dawned upon me; and like the prisoner, whom long years have made familiar with his narrow cell, and accustomed his sight to its gloomy darkness, who cannot suppress his admiration of the beautiful earth and the glorious light of day—so I, after reaching these shores, inhaling the air of freedom, and having realized the manifold blessings resulting to the human race, cannot, and will not, suppress the emotions of gratitude and thanksgiving which I have experienced in beholding the glorious light of intelligence which illuminates this country.

But to return to my history. It was my misfortune to be deprived of my mother when I was but three years old. After her death my father became a cold misanthrope caring for no one—loving no one. My mother was evidently a very amiable and affectionate wife, and from her marriage until her death, exerting a genial and refining influence over her husband, who was naturally cold and unsocial. While she lived, I have reason to believe that he sincerely mourned her loss; but to say that he ever loved her as a husband should love his wife, would detract from my merits as a faithful historian. In the grave where he buried my mother, he buried all the nobler sentiments which she had inspired within him, and from that day became a hater of everything but his title and his wealth.

Only once do I remember having seen him manifest the slightest symptoms of tenderness. It was on the anniversary of my fifteenth birthday, when, for a little sport, the servants persuaded me to put on a white dress belonging to the old gardener's daughter. My form was of delicate proportion, and my hair being worn long, after the fashion of German students, hanging in thick curls about my neck, gave me so much the appearance of a young lady, that even my old nurse did not recognize me for a long time; nor do I think she would have discovered the trick at all, but for my thoughtlessness in joining with the others in a hearty laugh. In the midst of our merriment, who should enter the servants' hall but my father! Knowing his utter disapprobation of a farce of this kind, all our boisterous mirth was hushed in a moment. Those nearest the door beat a hasty retreat, while the rest of us, as if paralyzed, remained in the very position we occupied upon his entrance. As for myself, being the chief transgressor, and seeing no means of escape, I stood, with down-cast look, like a criminal in the dock, awaiting my sentence. But as he did not immediately speak, I at length raised my eyes to his. Never shall I forget the expression of his countenance—his face was very pale, his eyes fixed, and seemingly starting from their sockets; while the nervous twitching of the muscles indicated that his mind was most painfully agitated. Mistaking his agitation for anger, and wishing to avoid him until it had somewhat subsided, with my eyes steadily fixed on his I commenced retreating from the room. Not a word was spoken—not a movement made by the others—and as I noiselessly glided from the room, it must have appeared to him more like the exit of a ghost than of a breathing mortal. Not until I had fairly vanished into the kitchen did he regain his presence of mind; and then, muttering to himself, "*her very image!*" he hurriedly left the hall without further comment.

CHAPTER II.

EUROPE IN 1807.

I studied under private tutors until I was sixteen, when, upon the death of my father, I entered college. Hitherto my knowledge of the world had been limited to the information derived from books, and an occasional visitor at the old mansion. But now a new era

dawned upon me, and I welcomed my new existence with all the enthusiasm of a German student.

At that period, in many particulars, Germany was in advance of any country of Europe. The immortal Klopstock had written his great epic poem, "The Messiah" and by his odes and war-songs, awakened a love of the good, of freedom, and a warmth of christian kindness, heretofore unknown to my phlegmatic countrymen. Nor should I omit to mention LESSING, the master critic—HERDER, whose elevation of style and gorgeous imagery—bounteous gifts of nature, but greatly strengthened by his study into the original sources of language and poetry—who gave a new impulse, both to literature and to a spirit of investigation, by his work entitled "Ideas towards a Philosophy of the History of Man."—nor should I pass unnoticed WIELAND, the graceful and fluent philosopher, whose peculiar style won admiration from a certain class which had hitherto been monopolized by French romances. These last three may be said to have prepared the way for GOETHE, who, like Columbus, steered boldly into the unknown seas, the one in pursuit of a New World, the other in pursuit of new worlds of poetry and intellectual elysiums. His "Elective Affinities," revelling in wonders and mystery, burst upon my marvelous-loving countrymen like a rocket, throwing a glare into darkness which had been undisturbed since the creation. His "Faust," and "Poetry of truth," afford pictures of his most inward soul, and display the progress of his own life. SCHILLER had been gathered to the immortal hosts two years before I commenced my collegiate course, yet his "William Tell" lighted the flame of liberty in my soul which has never been quenched. At this period the historian dates the culminating point of German poetry, and it was then that my new existence commenced.

From this glance at the literary, I turn to the military world. Europe was being ravaged by inhuman warfare. "Austerlitz" still rang in the ears of every European, notwithstanding the peace of Presburg had long been forgotten. The star of Napoleon was in the ascendant, and everywhere was awakened a martial spirit and military enthusiasm, such as was never before known in the world's history. Francis II. had abdicated the title of "Emperor of Germany," and the "Holy Roman Empire of Germany" had been dissolved. Its mightiest principalities were paying tribute to a foreign power, and a sense of humiliation was crushing many a German heart. After the judicial murder of the brave and noble publisher, PALM, of Nuremberg, who suffered death sooner than give up the name of the author of a pamphlet which he had published on the abasement of Germany, who would dare to give public utterance to the thoughts which swayed their bosoms?

But notwithstanding the servile chains thrust upon Germany, the brilliant achievements of Napoleon aroused all the latent fires in the breasts of her students. The chivalry of past generations was aroused, and finding no other vent, among the German students, duels were of most frequent occurrence. And if with no government—no country—no NAPOLEON, the martial spirit was so ascendant, what should be expected of volatile Frenchmen, with a government everywhere—Europe for their country, and NAPOLEON for a leader! To shield his person was his fame—to be wounded in his defence, glory—to die for him, immortality.

At the battle of Montmirail, it is said that a young officer named Durosier, was ordered by Napoleon to carry a despatch to one of the Generals. He returned in a brief space of time, announced his success with a triumphant smile, and fell dead at the feet of the Emperor. A bullet had pierced his breast, but he concealed the wound until his mission was completed, and then with his last look fixed upon Napoleon, he gloried in laying down his life for the service of one whom he adored little less than his Maker.

The military furor excited among the French soldiery, was caught among the nations with whom Napoleon was at war, and while they fought the Emperor, they could not but admire the NAPOLEON!

At this period, in the Golden Age of German poetry, and when "war" was the salutation between nations, I made my debut

the stage of active life, and entered upon my collegiate course. A brief space sufficed to initiate me into all the manners and customs of German students, prevalent in those days, and my natural ambition, added to the dignity of my social position, as sole inheritor of the title and possessions of my ancestors, at once gave me high rank among my associates. Now of a stout, athletic form, and vigorous constitution, I engaged heartily in the gymnastic feats of my companions, and soon became an acknowledged victor in all that required superior strength and activity. In boxing, fencing and shooting, I rarely found my equal.

CHAPTER III.

PROGRESS AT COLLEGE. THE CHALLENGE.

Life at a German University contains but little to interest the general reader. At least, so it seems to me now. I thought differently once—before the fires of youth were cooled by the frosts of age—before sorrow, and trial, and disappointment had embittered every cup of enjoyment, poisoned the well-springs of life, and dried up all the fountains of hope.

I should pass over in silence my seven years of student life, but for their influence upon me in after time, affecting an entire change in my apparent destiny.

From my father I inherited a proud, selfish, unsocial nature; but my mother gave me her warm, loving heart. Thus I was a sort of duplicate person—two souls in one body. With this two fold nature, I was cold and cruel, or affectionate and kind, as either spirit chanced to control. An injury done to a friend would awaken in me all the sympathy and tenderness of my angel mother—then the dark spirit of my father would arouse hate and a thirst for revenge. Even while weeping over the wrongs of my friend, I could call out his enemy—one who had never harmed me—and run him through the heart without the least compunction.—Nay, more—I gloried in it—his death struggles rejoiced me—his last groan was the sweetest music.

Scenes of violence among the students were not uncommon in those days. Hereditary custom, strengthened by the spirit of the times, had so firmly established the code of honor, falsely so called, as the umpire for settling all differences, that it required more courage to refuse, than to accept a challenge. Words almost meaningless of themselves, yet delivered in a tone of sarcasm, or accompanied with a look of defiance, were deemed a sufficient provocation for a hostile meeting.

I have been engaged in many duels—As our been so severely wounded that my enemies, so been despaired of, yet all sink into. Sects are significance before the harrowing of them tions of one event which was desat. To speak fluence my destiny through all able ideas; and

Conrad von Wieser was my ally of our body Like me, his family was both errors or extravagant; but his father having or compensate. It of conspiring against France that we are now exerty was confiscated, his t it in, and its conseer, and himself condemn ary impulse. place, to come to the genprisonment, from which broader view to be takby death. Conrad's of the pausing posture and of a small estate in body. Since we began our tired to the province influence upon our destiny we attended was a closed itself. The underlyson and only dau but to be the characteristic ideas est seclusion. the religious epoch we live in.

Conrad was educated us, not we it. Whatever the very embodi our spirit and direction, was late retrieve the formation, and is fast becoming pame by his fte product of that world-movement. of his power al theology is partly accidental, partrels and disphas the tendencies themselves are the chastise an in is not also a criticism of Protestantand all respect possible to understand our position

Conrad writes, without considering from a high en years of the general drift of Protestantism had often ruddy or current is to be explained oning, a favonly by an examination of the common portuntified. If I say, then, that our pause as a relled wiation is the pause which Protestantism the lion on awaking to the full consciousness of her I was undancies, I shall best express my second and rarel; important idea.

These tendencies have only recently cleared themselves to view, and are not by the boldest faced without some concern. Yet it is best to look them full in the front; to acknowledge them for just what they are, and rely upon God and the truth to deliver us from evil at their hands. Permit me,

SINGULAR ORNAMENT.

A brooch worn by the Countess of K— has recently been the subject of conversation among the eminent company of Polish nobility who are now exiles in Paris. Encircled by twenty brilliants upon a dark blue ground of lapis lazuli, and protected by a glass in front may be seen—What? A portrait? A lock of hair? No, neither the one or the other; but only four bent pins wrought together in the form of a star. The history of this singular ornament is contained in the following communication: "The Count K— was in communication: 'The Count K— was some years ago, in his own country, suspected of being too much inclined to politics, and was consequently one night, without examination or further inquiry, torn from the bosom of his family by police officers, conveyed to a fortress in a distant part of the country, and thrown into a damp, dark dungeon. Days, weeks, months passed away, without his being brought to trial. The unhappy man saw himself robbed of every succor. In the stillness of death and the darkness of the grave he felt not only his strength failing him, but his mind also wandering. An unspeakable anguish took hold upon him. He, who feared not to appear before his judges, now trembled before himself. Conscious of his danger, he endeavored to find something to relieve himself from the double weight of idleness and loneliness, and thus preserve him from a terrible insanity. Four pins, which accidentally happened to be in his coat, had fortunately escaped the notice of his jailor. Those were to be the means of deliverance to his spirit.— He threw the pins upon the earth—which alone was the floor of his dungeon—and then employed himself in seeking for them in the darkness. When, after a tiresome search, he succeeded in finding them, he threw them down anew; and so, again and again, did he renew his voluntary task. All the day long, sitting, lying or kneeling, he groped about with his hands until he had found the pins which he had intentionally scattered. This fearful, yet beneficial recreation continued for six years. Then, at last, a great political event opened suddenly, the doors of his prison. The Count had just scattered his pins;—but he would not leave his cell without taking with him his little instruments of his own preservation from despair and madness. He soon found them, for now the clear, bright light of day beamed in through the doorway of his dungeon. As the Count related this sad story to the Countess, she seized the pins with holy eagerness. Those crooked, yellow, brass pins, which, during six fearful years, had been scattered and gathered alternately, were become to her as precious relics; and now, set in a frame of brilliant, worth £400, as a treasure of much greater value, she wears them on her bosom.—[Court Journal.]

It is said that a girl in Pittsfield was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon. Since then, a number of married men have invited the artillery to come and discharge their pieces on their premises.

On Thursday, 18th inst., as a freight train on the Worcester and Nashua Railroad was passing between Groton Centre and Groton Junction, the head of a brakeman, named Jos. Shea, who was standing upon a car, came in contact with a bridge, and his skull was badly broken. Seven pieces of bone were taken from the wound, and the Worcester Spy says it is very doubtful whether he will recover.

Many people like newspapers, but few preserve them; yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its bustle and every-day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take up a half a century back, without the thought that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tombstone at the head of an epitaph?

The *Illustrated Times* says that on Monday, July 25th, Judge Haliburton made his maiden speech in Parliament. "When he arose, the House was hushed to silence in a moment; but his speech was not a success, and it is clear now that Mr. Haliburton, racy writer as he is, is no orator. It was just such a speech as any country gentleman might have made. The appearance of Mr. Haliburton is that of a sturdy old gentleman farmer, utterly unlike what, from reading his works, you would imagine him to be."

A friend of the Rochester Union, who saw De Lave walk the rope on Tuesday, says his estimation of the value of crinoline is wonderfully increased since that event. Just as the rain storm commenced, he saw a beautiful and fashionably dressed young lady coolly take off her bonnet and deliberately fasten it underneath her skeleton skirt, then tie a handkerchief upon her head; and after the storm her bonnet reappeared as good as new.

man whose name was given to him in his dream he had never seen, or heard of. He knew the farm as soon as he saw it. The house and everything appeared precisely as they had been presented in his vision.

He alighted from his horse and entered the beautiful house. The personal appearance of the young lady was so vividly impressed on his mind by the vision thrice repeated, that he readily recognized her in company of the four others whom he found in the same family. He soon ascertained the name of the young woman, and found it to be Sarah T., according to his dream.— This young lady had determined, and had often said, she would never marry a widower. Miss T. said the very moment she first saw Mr. B. she felt a strange tremor pass over her whole system. She had a vivid impression that he was a widower, and that he had come to see her. She afterwards confessed that a sudden emotion of affection for him arose in her heart as soon as she came into his presence.

Mr. B. obtained the pleasure of an interview with her that evening, and was successful in securing her consent to visit her again, and address her on the subject of marriage. He, however, did not tell her his dream till she had engaged to become his wife. After a courtship of a few months they were happily married, and lived together more than fifty years. Mr. B. died the 25th of March, 1842, and Mrs. B. lived till the 7th of April, 1847. For sixty years, perhaps, they were both distinguished and useful members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A JAPANESE CONJUROR.

Our Japanese Merlin was seated cross-legged about ten yards from us upon the raised platform of the floor of the apartment; behind him was a gold-colored screen with a painting of the peak of Fusi-hama in blue and white upon its glittering ground. He threw up the sleeves of his dress, and showed a piece of some tissue paper which he held in his hand. It was about six inches square, and by dexterous and delicate manipulation he formed it into a very good imitation of a butterfly, the wings being extended, and at the most each was one inch across. Holding the butterfly out in the palm of his hand, to show what it was, he placed two candles, which were beside him, in such a position as to allow him to wave a fan rapidly without affecting the flame, and then, by a gentle motion of this fan over the paper insect, he proceeded to set it in motion. A counter draught of air from some quarter interposed with his effort, and made the butterfly want to his will, and the screen had to be moved a little to remedy this.

He then threw the paper butterfly up in the air, and gradually it seemed to acquire life from the action of the fan—now wheeling and dipping towards it, now tripping along its edge, then hovering over it, as we may see a butterfly do over a flower on a fine summer's day, then in wantonness wheeling away, and again returning to alight the wings quivering with nervous restlessness. One could have sworn it was a live creature. Now it flew off to the light, and then the conjuror recalled it, and presently supplied a mate in the shape of another butterfly, and tether they rose, and played about the old man's fan, varying the attention between flirt with one another, and fluttering along the edge of the fan. We repeatedly saw one on each side of it as he held it nearly vertically and gave the fan a short quick motion; those butterfly would pass over to the other, and would wheel away as if in play, and again return. A plant with some flowers stood in a jar near at hand; by a gentle movement of the fan the pretty little creatures were led up to and then, their delight! how they played over the leaves, sipped the flowers, kissed a flower, and whisked off again with all their graces of real butterflies! The space was in ecstasies, and young and old clapped their hands with delight.—[Blackwood's Magazine.]

A TEXAN OPINION.

If the following anecdote of a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Common* be true, we need not wonder at the positions which the Methodists have recaptured at the hands of the Texans:

While on church duty I will give you a Texan's opinion of a Methodist. It was new to me.

"Do you know, my old," addressing me, "why it is that the Methodists holler so loud when they pray?"

I, of course, expressed my astonishment, and anxiety to possess valuable information.

"Well," said he, "I tell you. It is because they are far from God than any other denomination of Christians."

"Might you not be mistaken?" said I. "No, sir," was his reply, "I know them well, for I was born among them. I had nothing more to say; the man was in earnest."

ed before. A deep silence reigned for several minutes, which I was the first to break.

"Conrad," said I, "you are mistaken. No boyish whim, seeking only a temporary triumph, actuates me in this struggle. No earthly ambition can be compared to the hungry cravings of my soul to possess the first prize upon anniversary day. For it I would gladly barter half my fortune."

A new idea occurred to me—he was poor; I was rich. Might not wealth tempt him to relinquish the contest? At any other time I could not have wounded his feelings by making so base a proposition. But the dark spirit controlled me, and intent only upon achieving my object, no matter by what means, I recklessly resolved to make the offer.

"Conrad," I resumed, "it is true, I am rich and you are poor, but it only remains with you to equalize this difference. Promise me that you will not contest for the first prize and I will instantly execute the necessary writings for putting you in possession of one half of my whole fortune."

To be Continued.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE BRIDE OF A DREAM.

We take the following account of a singular dream from the *Western Christian Advocate*:

Mr. B. had been twice married, but was left a second time a widower, with six daughters and one son. After these bereavements, Mr. B. inferred the Lord did not design him to enjoy the blessing of a wife, and he resolved to sacrifice all personal conveniences and enjoyments of the conjugal relation, and never attempt to select another partner in life. This resolution he sacredly kept for nearly three years, when the arguments and counsel of the minister of the circuit, in the State of Delaware, prevailed on him to change his mind. The consideration of his numerous family of daughters requiring so much a mother's care and instruction, was one of the strongest reasons that induced him to admit that his resolution might be founded in error. The minister, encouraged by the favorable impression he had made, and the influence he had gained over Mr. B., took the liberty to name to him a lady residing in a certain neighborhood of his circuit, whom he thought would make him an excellent wife, and a mother for his children, and appointed the time and place for Mr. B. to meet him and be introduced to her. Some occurrence took place which prevented Mr. B. from meeting the minister according to appointment.

The minister intent upon his plan, procured Mr. B.'s consent to meet him a second time, and the appointment was made; but an unexpected Providence again prevented Mr. B. being there at the time. They then made a third arrangement, and Mr. B. determined, if life and health permitted, he certainly would meet his friend and be made acquainted with the lady recommended.— Before the time arrived, however, Mr. B. was admonished in a dream that the woman so favorably spoken of by the minister was not the one he ought to marry, and he was conducted in a vision to the young lady who would be a suitable helpmate, and that Providence designed for him.— The distance was sixty miles and he had only travelled twenty miles in that direction. Yet the map of the whole road was laid before his mind, and the way he should go so distinctly marked in his dream, that he seemed to be perfectly familiar with all the road. He dreamed the distance, the name of the young woman, and the name of her step-father, Col. Vickers, the appearance of the house in which he lived, how it was painted; that it was situated near a river, with a warehouse near at hand. He dreamed also that there were five young ladies belonging to the same family, and had the one selected for him so accurately described in his dream, that he could easily distinguish her from the other four.

In the morning he awoke and thought nothing of his vision, except as an ordinary and rather remarkable dream. The next night he had precisely the same vision repeated, and the same things presented to his mind in a still more vivid manner. Mr. B. then began to think that there might be some indication of Providence in his dream; and all that day he made it the subject of sincere and earnest prayer that God would direct him in the way he should go in a matter so grave, and involving so much interest to himself and his motherless children. That night he had the vision repeated a third time, and he determined then to follow the directions given him, and fully test the circumstances of the dream by a practical examination, and see if the results would be developed as he dreamed them. He immediately sent a note to the preacher, informing him that he had changed his mind, and must decline meeting him at the time appointed. Mr. B. started in the direction indicated by his vision, and after passing the twenty miles he was acquainted with, his dream was his only guide. He, however, had no difficulty for the map of the road was so vividly impressed upon his mind that he was able to distinguish his road from all others. The gentle-

secret locked safe from observation, I redoubled my diligence, and at the end of five years we were rivals—friendly to all external appearances—friendly rivals as far as Conrad knew—but to my shame be it spoken, there were times in which I bitterly envied him. His noble nature never suspected my meanness, but on the contrary he often assisted me in my studies.

The time was now rapidly approaching when we were to leave college. An ambition to carry off the highest prize had long been preying upon me. Every thought and aspiration of my nature was centered upon this one object. There was no sacrifice which I would not have made to insure success. It became a mania with me, torturing my waking hours and haunting my sleep. Sleep! alas, I could not sleep! With the exception of a few hours of each twenty-four, my whole time was spent in study. I did not retire until after midnight, and then I always left my lamp burning, that not a moment should be lost in re-lighting it.

This continued application soon began to impair my health. I was nervous and easily irritated. I did not feel as though I could possibly survive a failure.

Conrad was first to observe my changed appearance, and made several attempts to learn the cause; but I managed to escape him without betraying my secret, and then hurrying to my room was soon lost in my studies.

One morning I felt more feeble and exhausted than usual. My strength had failed me, and I could not walk without staggering. I sat and calculated my chances of success. There were still four weeks for preparation—in everything but Chemistry and Philosophy. Conrad was in advance of me—he had not been using extra exertions until within a few days—his health and strength were in reserve, while mine were exhausted—there was no possibility of my carrying off the first prize, and as for the second, I was already far beyond the reach of all competition. At this point my meditations were interrupted by a knock at my room door. Feeling too languid to rise, I bade the applicant come in. The door gently opened and Conrad entered. His fine countenance expressed both surprise and sympathy as he advanced and took my hand.

"Why, Charles," he said, "how is this? Alone in your room, sick, and not send for me?"

"I am not sick," I replied, "that is, I have no disease."

"Disease or not, you look more like a ghost than a man of flesh and blood."

"I passed a sleepless night, and a tormenting headache this morning has probably given my countenance a haggard appearance, but there is nothing serious ails me."

"Why do you try to deceive me, Charles," he said, half mournfully, half reproachfully, "for I have noticed that your health has been gradually failing for several days."

At first I affected to laugh at his fears for my health, and then strove to change the subject; but his friendship for me was too sincere to be easily put off. His importunities wearied me, and at length, in fretful humor and with a peevish tone, I told him all.— Disregarding my bad temper, and attributing it to my low state of health, he had leaned forward, and placing his hand upon my head, with all the tenderness of a woman, he brushed back my hair and while his beaming eyes were fixed upon mine, he said:

"Charles, I am sorry—very sorry. I never dreamed of this until now; the day I entered the university I resolved to win the first prize. That thought has been ever uppermost in my mind; it has been my great aim in life; my chief ambition; the first oasis in my weary journey across the desert waste, where misfortune had cast me. I little thought that our ambitions centered upon the same object. And why should I have thought so? You have title, wealth and an unsullied reputation, while I have neither. Success, with you, would be but empty fame; a momentary triumph. Failure, only a boyish disappointment, soon to be forgotten.— With me how different! Success is my life; failure my death!"

As he ceased speaking a pallor overspread his countenance, his lips quivered, and tears were in his eyes. I never saw him so mov-

THERE are few who know how to be idle and innocent. By doing nothing we learn to do ill.

About the only person we ever heard of that was not spoiled by being lionized, was a Jew named Daniel.

It is rumored in Washington that Secretary Floyd will be obliged by illness to resign, and that the Hon. Elias J. Faulkner will be his successor.

Next week Blondin crosses the river at Niagara, carrying with him a cook stove and utensils and will, when in the centre of his rope, make omelets for the passengers of the Maid of the Mist.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is to visit Ireland in the Autumn, for the purpose of singing in oratorios. She intends giving the "Messiah" for the benefit of Mercer's Hospital, in Dublin.

The editor of The Juniata Sentinel notices the demise of a celebrated horse, which had attained the incredible age of forty-one years. The horse was formerly in the possession of Gen. Jackson.

A Yankee schoolmaster named Comstock turned a drove of cattle into the cornfield of a farmer in Dubuque, Iowa, and during the confusion which this act created in the family, run away with the farmer's daughter and married her.

Counterfeit half-dollar pieces, exceedingly well executed, ringing well, but being a little light, have been extensively circulated in Boston and vicinity within a week past. The counterfeit is dated 1854, and bears the stamp of the New Orleans mint.

A correspondent of The Lynchburg (Va.) Republican says:—"I have just been to see the greatest curiosity of the age. Well, what do you think it was? Why, a calf, only forty-eight hours old, with horns four inches long. It also has three eyes, the third one being in the centre of the forehead, which will enable the beast to see in front as well as on both sides at the same time."

A correspondent of the New York Tribune mentions, as one of the things which disturbed the pleasure of Commencement at Harvard College, an unfortunate allusion by one of the boys, when he "spoke his piece" to the "contemptible articles in the New York Ledger," which the youngster contrasted with the elegant literature of the Atlantic Monthly. Mr. Everett, who was on the platform, found it convenient to blow his nose about that time.

Mr. Isaac Brooks died in Baltimore on the 20th inst., at the age of ninety years. He was a native of Pennsylvania, whence he removed to Baltimore in 1797, where he was engaged in the iron trade for fifty-five years, and had resided in the house where he died for fifty-nine years. Mr. Brooks was a subscriber to the old *Maryland Gazette*, and subsequently to the *Patriot & Gazette*, the whole of his term of subscription reaching to sixty-two years.

Mrs. Bostwick, a favorite vocalist of Chicago, has recently visited the wilds of Lake Superior and Green Bay regions. On one occasion she sang before an audience principally composed of Menomonee Indians and half-breeds. At first, with true Indian stoicism, they sat as stony as statues. But Mrs. Bostwick's beautiful tones soon melted the marble, and their delight found expression in a series of yells and war whoops, if not so harmonious, vastly more emphatic than more civilized audiences.

A process has recently been discovered and a patent secured by Messrs. Paddock & Marsh of Cincinnati, Ohio, by which meat of all kinds, it is stated, can be cured and rendered fit for any foreign market in ten minutes' time. As soon as the animal is killed, and before being skinned, salt is injected through the arteries, and almost instantly the whole animal is impregnated with it. Beef cured by this process at Houston, Texas, with the thermometer at 80 degrees, was found, when exhibited at Cincinnati, to be perfectly sweet, and equal to the best meat cured in the ordinary manner.

A clever device of a Piedmontese colonel, who was presiding over a court martial at Turin, is related: A man was tried on the charge of being an Austrian spy, but he vehemently maintained that he was a Milanese trader.— He, however, could not produce any documents to prove his allegation, and could not satisfactorily explain why he was in Piedmont. "Prisoner," said the colonel, all at once, "come closer to me—I do not hear well." The man advanced. "Ah," said the colonel, "I see that you step with the left foot forward, with your arms close to sides, and the little finger on the seam of the trousers. You are a soldier!"—The man, greatly confused, could no longer deny that he was both a soldier and a spy.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 3, 1859.

SALUTATORY.

In assuming the editorial charge of the AGE, I have but one promise to make, namely, that I shall use my utmost endeavors to have it sustain its hitherto good reputation, and make it such a paper that no intelligent, pure-minded spiritualist, shall ever have cause to complain of its want of progression.

To the friends and patrons of the AGE, I take pleasure in assuring them that it is now in the hands of good spiritualists, and that there is no danger to be apprehended of its failure. The continued publication of the AGE has now become a fixed fact and we trust all well wishers of the cause will perceive the importance of yielding our paper a liberal support, for this will enable the publishers to make it better and better, and constantly increase its influence.

I am now fairly before the public as a spiritualist, much to the astonishment of friends who have long known me as an editor, and who have often importuned me not to become identified with a spiritual paper.

But the "destiny that shapes our ends," has prepared the way, opened the door, and said to me, "Walk in." And so I have walked in, even though I leave without many friends who will deplore the step I have taken, as much as I deplore the fatuity which binds them with the fetters of an old and exploded theology.

Whatever may be the consequences, I shall steadily adhere to the positions which I have taken, and hereafter devote my life to the upbuilding of a cause which I solemnly believe is destined to take the places of the present churches, in less than ten years.

W. H. CHANEY.

We shall send the first two numbers of the SPIRITUAL AGE in its new form, to such of its old patrons as have, from any cause, been induced to part company with it. We earnestly hope that nearly all of them will take prompt measures to have their names replaced upon our books. The foundations of the great religious depths of this country, are now heaving with the throes and convulsions of dissolution. The most intelligent and advanced leaders of the old effete church organizations, begin to see and acknowledge that those organizations have outlived their usefulness—that they are a hindrance, rather than a help to the further spiritual progress of the race. The world is looking anxiously for a better and higher dispensation.

The new conductors of the AGE, believe that that dispensation is to come through and by means of Spiritualism,—through a more intimate union of the Material and Spiritual states. Nay, more,—they believe the programme of the new movement which is to revolutionize the religious, social and political institutions of the world is already marked out, and its divinely appointed Head has been long progressing in the path of that development necessary to lead such a movement! That Spiritualism is rapidly tending to such a consummation, is a fact not to be questioned, though we may be mistaken as to the quarter whence it shall arise.—We trust we can, ere many months have elapsed, furnish the evidence to Spiritualists, and to the world, that the foundations of the real "Broad Church" are firmly and securely laid. More, we dare not say, at present.

In the meantime, every sincere Spiritualist, who desires to keep thoroughly informed of the progress which our cause is making, will find the SPIRITUAL AGE an

indispensable necessity. Shall we have a hearty, unanimous response from our friends everywhere?

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The undersigned, in reply to the inquiries of friends, and to prevent misapprehension from any source, deems it proper to state that he has no proprietorship in the SPIRITUAL AGE, and has had none since the paper has borne that name; and that, for the future, his editorial responsibility will be limited to such articles as shall bear his initials. He sincerely hopes that the new proprietors and conductors of the AGE, bringing a fresh accession of energy and enterprise to the work, will succeed in making a journal that shall prove more widely acceptable to the Spiritualist public, and thus more remunerative to themselves, than he has been able to furnish.

A. E. NEWTON.

We present the SPIRITUAL AGE to its patrons this week, enlarged, improved in mechanical execution, and, we trust, in real interest. And yet, owing to a number of circumstances, it does not present that variety and method which we mean to give it hereafter. It is our laudable ambition to make the AGE, the paper of its class in this country. With God's blessing, and the help of our friends, it shall be done.—We mean to make it a home paper—one that shall be hailed with eagerness and pleasure, by the youthful members of the family circle, as well as by the adult portion.

WRITERS FOR THE AGE.—We have secured the services of several gentlemen, eminent in ability, in character, and in the purity of their lives, who will write editorially for the AGE, but whose names will not be made public for the present. The writer who reviews the famous sermon of Dr. Bellows, in our present number, will hereafter furnish one or more articles in every issue of our paper. When the proper time arrives, the public will be duly informed who he is.

A PROPOSITION.—Any of our present patrons who will obtain a new subscriber to the AGE, shall have both copies one year for three dollars. Or, any of our friends, who are not subscribers, can have two copies sent to any new address for three dollars.—It is our desire to double the circulation of the AGE, and we make these propositions accordingly.

EXPLANATORY.—Amid the hurry of change in the AGE, with many new workmen to do the business, many errors are liable to occur. Papers may be misent, or not sent at all. Receipts of many may be a week or two behind time, &c. But if our friends will only exercise patience for a month, we shall then get the machinery fairly at work.

GENERAL AGENTS.—We have made arrangements with P. Clark of Boston, and S. R. Porter of Sebago, Me., to act as general agents for procuring subscribers to the AGE. They are authorized to receipt for money paid on subscription.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS will secure a copy of the AGE for three months, on trial.—Within that time our new and thrillingly interesting spiritual story, MINNIE THE MEDIUM, will be completed. Send in your names!

BACK NUMBERS.—Those who desire to commence with this number of the AGE, must send in their subscriptions within two weeks, as we shall only print enough of the third number to supply the actual demand. A word to the wise.

Be sure and read the new story. Persons who never read stories will do well to glance through this, or at any rate, to read the introduction to it.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

J. L. Beardsley, M. A. Howard, A. P. Andrews, J. B. Conklin, W. S. Bales, H. G. Whittier, A. O. Danham, L. Smith, L. J. Pardon, S. C. Potter, Z. C. Parent, M. E. Carter, E. Hardinge, T. G. Allen, G. B. Stebbins, J. N. Deane, J. Francis, F. Wheeler, T. H. Perkins, J. Mayhew, L. Bache, Virginia, W. T. Lewis, L. T. Dickinson, T. S. Merrill, G. Q. Willis, Sarah S. Scott, W. W. Dutcher, J. Starinard, W. W. Hensley, John Goodrich, Polly Fletcher, H. B. Doud, Mary E. Fisher, P. M. Clegg, Dr. H. Hoyt, J. S. Bennett, Seth B. Bliss, E. Burke, J. Ball.

TREATMENT OF EVIL DOERS.

All sects and movements have their Judases and their wolves in sheep's clothing. The Spiritualistic movement has afforded an open field for the operations of pretenders and unworthy persons of various classes; and the career of such has been favored by the trustful and unsuspecting disposition which generally characterizes earnest inquirers after truth. (This trait is really to the credit of those who possess it, though it exposes them to impositions and dangers.) And evidences are not wanting that impostors, mercenaries, charlatans and persons of sinister motives have not failed to enter this field and to practice their arts under the fair disguise of lovers of truth and Spirituality.

It is one of the greatest perplexities of an editor's position, to determine the proper course to be pursued in individual cases of alleged immorality and unworthiness of public confidence. We are not believers in that philosophy which makes no difference between vice and virtue; nor do we hold men unblameable for their evil deeds; nor do we approve the mistaken benevolence which would shrink from putting the community on its guard against the lurking serpent and the prowling wolf.—At the same time, we deem it incumbent upon us to be specially guarded against the flagrant wrong of giving currency to unjust aspersions upon individual character. The press of this country has become exceedingly and criminally reckless in this regard. In its readiness to minister to the public greed for scandal, it does not hesitate to catch up and trumpet through the land accusations of the gravest character, often based on the flimsiest evidence, or no evidence at all—thus destroying the usefulness, murdering the reputation, and sometimes causing the insanity and death, of innocent and well-meaning persons, who, but for this rantonness, might be useful members of society. Spiritualism, being the latest-born and at present most unpopular of the sects, have suffered exceedingly from this cause.

As a journalist, I have made it a rule (if we have ever departed from it, it has been usually to our regret) to allow no accusations against private character to reach the public through our columns, until they have been carefully sifted, and the accused party had opportunity for explanation or defence. Pursuing this course, the result has been that, in most cases, charges have been either clearly disproved, or greatly modified or so weakened by contradictory testimony as to render a positive decision impossible. Whatever other journalists may feel justified in doing, we cannot believe it right to indulge in public exposures and denunciations, which may blast for life the reputation and usefulness of a brother sister, or destroy that which is dearer than life itself, without the clearest proof and the fullest conviction of duty. It is often impossible to obtain.

A case may seem conclusive to one mind, from the evices before it, which to another mind, pressing either a greater or less amount of evidence, may appear in a very different light. Hence we have been more than overcharged with weakness and dereliction of duty as a public journalist—with the afraid to expose bad men who under the name of Spiritualists have practiced vilest abominations—with unbecomingly towards, and complicity with, doers—simply because we have felt obliged to act in accordance with the tenets we have had, rather than frother people's judgments;—and in a cases where we knew we were better informed than those who have assumed the prerogatives of judgment. There often instances in which we are blam on both sides;—on the one, because "not expose and denounce certain persons," on the other, because we do not d the parties from the denunciations theirs. Of course, various unworthy res are imputed to us on both sides, in fact the evidences we have been able to obtain have

been so contradictory and counterbalanced that we can come to no satisfactory conclusion, either way, in the premises. We must content ourselves to bear these misinterpretations as best we may, since they are the penalty which must be paid for adherence to our own sense of right. But should not these considerations suggest to the parties concerned the propriety of cultivating charitable judgments of one another—at least of those placed in the responsible position of editors? If any imagine that the editorship of a Spiritualist journal is an altogether delectable and to-be-wished-for position, we should be right glad to resign them our chair till the delusion is dispelled.

But another question presses upon us. Is public exposure and denunciation always the best method of proceeding, even towards known and proved offenders?—There may be cases of tried incorrigibility, in which duty to the public may demand that a warning should be uttered against them. But even in such cases, does not the relation of brotherhood require that available effort should first be made for their reformation and restoration, through the power of love and kindly entreaty? Ah! how little of faith is there, after all our preachings and professions—how little of practical faith in the saving power of love!—Reader, allow us to suggest that the next time you feel moved with "holy indignation" against some wicked wretch who has abused the confidence of his fellows and disgraced the name of man, and desire that he should be shown up in all his hideous deformity, and lashed through the land by the scorpion tongue of the press—you go to him in the spirit of brotherhood, humility and meekness, considering yourself lest you also be tempted, casting all moles out of your own eyes, so that you may see clearly the beam that is in his, and do your best to show him and to lead him to the more excellent way of virtue. If the offender is a sister, who you think has dishonored her sex and degraded herself, pursue the same course. Possibly you may succeed, and then there will be no need of the exposure. Pray, try it.

A. E. N.

SHALL WE PUBLISH?

The inquiry comes to us from various sources, "Are your articles on Spiritualism in Religion to be published in book form?" In reply we would say that this would depend entirely upon the demand for such a volume. The writer has not the means to undertake the publication himself; and has no disposition to crowd upon the public what is not wanted; but, if demanded, a publisher can readily be found. If those who feel an interest in the matter will have the goodness to inform us of the probable number which would be taken in their several localities (the price would probably be 50 or 63 cts., at retail,) the question may readily be determined.

Several topics yet remain to be treated upon, to complete the series—and these among the most interesting of the whole. They include "Inspiration," "Revelation," "The word of God," "The Church"—its uses and abuses, "The Sacraments," "Worship," "Holy Places and Holy Days," "The Resurrection," "The Judgment," "Heaven and Hell," &c. If republished, the whole will be carefully revised, with important addition.

A. E. N.

NEW WORK BY REV. W. M. FERNALD.—We understand that a new work by this gentleman, on the subject of "The Divine Providence," is about to appear. We are authorized to expect a very full and thorough treatise, taking up the subject in all its great branches, presenting both its philosophy and practical applications.

This work will be of a popular character, and from what we know of the author, we feel no hesitation in commending it to the consideration of all thoughtful and enquiring minds. Unless we are mistaken, this work will supply a place heretofore vacant in new philosophical literature. We shall refer to it again, when published.

"THE SUSPENSE OF FAITH."

In this number of the AGE we commence the publication of one of the most remarkable theological utterances which has yet characterized this century. The author is the Rev. Dr. Bellows, pastor of All-Souls (Unitarian) Church in New York. As a powerful, logical, unanswerable demonstration of the utter inanity of the Church—even that liberal, progressive portion of it represented by Unitarianism—its sheer incapacity to minister to the deep religious needs and requirements of the world of the present day—it singularly confirms the reiterated charges made against it by all Spiritualists. On this part of his topic, however, we have no further comments to offer—no words to waste upon argument, so thorough, convincing, and exhaustive. So far as we can see there is nothing more to be said.

And yet it is melancholy and painful to read so powerful a demonstration of the utter worthlessness, so far as the world's future is concerned, of the so called Christianity of our time—it is startlingly unpleasant to have it proved beyond a peradventure that the world has lost confidence in creeds and catechisms, in dogmas and denominations, in salvation and sectarianism, and is expectantly waiting for the "new epoch," which the Rev. Dr. Bellows is logically sure must soon be inaugurated, but of whose time and manner and by what particular instrumentality the good Doctor is very vaguely uncertain.

Dear Doctor, were we not of the despised, ridiculed and deluded class of "Spiritualists" who believe in "trance mediums," we might be able to relieve the anxious load of "suspense" under which you and your co-laborers, "evangelical" or otherwise, are so manifestly laboring. Were your mind open to conviction, from whatever source Truth should flow in upon it, we might be able to put before your astonished vision even the details of that same "new Catholic Church" whose necessity you have so ably shown, whose character, in many respects, you have truly portrayed, and whose realization you believe, and we know, is well-nigh at hand!

Why, my dear Sir, all these things are familiar to intelligent Spiritualists!—While you have been laboriously, but most effectually, as we are fain to confess, revolving these topics in your mind, and have, unwillingly, perhaps, been forced to give them utterance to the startled religious world, we have seen it all—we have thundered it in your averted ears for nearly ten years past, but ye would hear us not. Our apostles have gone abroad over the earth, proclaiming not so ably, perhaps, not often so logically and methodically we admit, not at such length, it is true—but nevertheless with sincerity and earnestness, the self-same facts about the insane shams which the Church calls Christianity—Heaven save the mark! And where one of these apostles bore his testimony in public, a hundred more were threading every walk of life, mingling with every class and condition of society, quietly instilling the same ideas in substance, which you have lately clothed in so goodly raiment and sent forth to the world upon the wings of the Press. And, Doctor, let us tell you, confidentially, the converts to this faith new and glorious, are around and about you and us and everybody in astonishing numbers. You may not dream of it, but the day is near at hand, when the members of this new brotherhood of man shall be called upon to come out from the seclusion of private life, and acknowledge their adherence to the new faith. When the Master shall call upon the faithful to join his standard, many a pillar of "the Church" and of Society will come down with a crash, whose unsoundness in those structures was never dreamed of.

And that day is near at hand! Herebefore it has been the mission of Spiritualism to tear down, rather than to build up. It has chiefly labored to show the necessity of a change in the old order of things,

A Yankee schoolmaster named Comstock turned a drove of cattle into the cornfield of a farmer in Dubuque, Iowa, and during the confusion which this act created in the family run away with the farmer's daughter and married her.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM W. S. BALCH.

EDITORS OF SPIRITUAL AGE:—A Spiritual friend has just handed me your issues of July 2d and August 6th, in which my name is presented in a somewhat false light. For the sake of truth, and to prevent any wrong impressions which my silence might seem to justify, I desire you to insert a word from me in correction.

Until reading the articles referred to, I had appropriated to myself a modest share of commendation arising from the rather remarkable incident which occurred during my sermon at Granville, N. J. I certainly did not consider it, and, until now, never heard that any one, considered that "manifestation" as a "lecture" in *disapprobation*, but as an *approval* of what I said. And so far from being "astonished," I believe I took it about as coolly as any in the audience, controlling both myself and them so as to avoid "all confusion."

The facts were simply these: Instead of, as your "chronicler" asserts, "delivering a discourse upon a passage of Scripture referring to the Tower of Babel, the confusion of tongues, &c." I delivered one from a passage exactly the reverse:—"For then will I turn unto the people a *pure language*, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve him with *one consent*." Zeph. 3:9. In the discourse I tried to show that mere *human reason*, as a dry, reflective attribute was not a sufficient power to guide the human heart into the light of the highest life, and that all mere *outward and material manifestations* could not do it, however real or remarkable they might be; that it was a Spirit-power, ethereal and pure, such as abode on Jesus and was received into his heart and dwelt there, regulating his whole life; the *Spirit of Truth*, the Holy Comforter, the Love of God, the Father, living and strengthened in us by "love to one another," and rising into affinities with all that is good, and pure, and lovely on earth and in heaven; that the connexion between time and eternity is not so distinct, nor the condition so unlike as many have contended; that heaven is here, near us, *in us*; even the spirits of the just made perfect are with us, acting by all kind and holy influences in those who will receive them; and that *this language of Love*—of the heart, is the "pure language" by which "all shall call on the name of the Lord to serve him." I then sought to find illustrations in my own experiences as a testimony common to all who thought upon the subject.—When I touched some of those chords which unite us to our "loved ones gone," the whole audience was moved to joyful, hopeful tears. One in the audience, a nervous man, exceedingly impressible, was overcome by his feelings,—reason gave place to feeling, and imagination took the helm. Unconscious of what he did, he came to the pulpit and embraced me with affection—not to rebuke, there was no occasion for it, but to approve and bless.

It was almost ludicrous, I confess, to see a man of about my own age—and to feel his rough beard—pretending to be and personify my spirit-mother, who died so young, delicate, almost ethereal. Had it been "the well-known and worthy trance-speaker," referred to by your correspondent, it would have appeared much more consistent and believable, and not less agreeable to Your Obedt. Serv't,

WM. S. BALCH.

ASHUELOT, Aug. 12.

EDITORS OF THE AGE:—The following paragraph appeared in the Springfield Republican of the 11th instant:

A *NOT FOR THE METAPHYSICIANS*.—"If a man die, shall he live again?" An eminent geometer has said that "force has a spiritual origin." Faraday advocates the conservation of the origin of force—that is, conservation of spirit. If the above premises of eminent scientists are correct, if spirit is conserved—that is, if there is no more and no less of the spiritual essence in the universe than

ages ago, then it must follow that the doctrine of Egyptian metempsychosis (or transmigration of souls) is true, or that there is no immortality to the individual spirit; but that on decess, the individual spirit becomes lost and diffused through the general spirit mass or volume. This demonstration, incontestible as it appears, will be received with little favor by our spiritualists.

Though conscious of having but little skill for metaphysical nut-cracking, I nevertheless feel inclined to make a brief remark suggested by the above article, which, if you think proper to do so, you may give to the readers of the AGE.

If an individualized spirit occupies no more space, than did the germinal essence from which it was developed; and if any number of centuries taken from the interminable future, diminish not that future; then may it not also be true, that spirit essence, if it is as exhaustless in quantity, as eternity is in duration, may continue to furnish individualized spirits in countless number, through countless ages, without diminishing in the least the infinite fount of spirit essence in the universe, or over-populating the limitless domain of The Eternal?

So, for aught that appears to the contrary, individualization may proceed without fearing either the metempsychosis of the Egyptian, or the great "absorption" bugbear of certain other philosophers; and "scientists" may direct their efforts to the discovery of the best means for the "conservation" of all such good things as are not in their natures imperishable; assured meanwhile by sound philosophy, and phenomena continually occurring, that individualized spirits "still live" to bless mankind with their labors of love, and their elevating influences, and that no instrumentality is likely to arrest their labors, nor any philosophy be developed of sufficient potency to destroy their persons—even metaphysically.

It seems clear to my mind, that the difficulty suggested in the article of the *Republican*, and others of a kindred nature, have their root in the futile attempt to measure the infinite by a finite rule—the illimitable by the limited.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 1859.

REFORM CIRCLES.

We are all more or less familiar with the nature, use and tendencies of circles. We sometimes alternate male and female in the circle, sometimes the males occupy one side of the circles, while the females occupy the other, and are sometimes seated regardless of order; frequently seated thus by influence, and often without. There appears to be but little apparent difference in the manifestation of spirit presence and power, wisdom and affection.

I am speaking of the condition of circles in this section, and believe it to be a correct view of a great proportion of circles in this Western country. The results are sufficient to encourage us in their perpetuity; such as exhortations to morality, a cultivation of spirit influence and communion, and the laying on of hands for the removal of diseases. Those who have the cause at heart, find nothing here to discourage them, but rather claims upon their strongest support.

While this is the case, it is at the same time very evident, that most of spiritualists are anxiously looking to these circles for the inauguration of some greater work, that shall more speedily aid in abolition of the more prominent evils of society, and in the diffusion of knowledge among the masses.

And it is no less believed that our invisible friends feel an equal or greater interest in the diffusion and propagation of whatever shall tend to better the condition of mankind.

Then where lies the difficulty? If all the members of the circle, both mundane and super-mundane, are desirous of introducing the higher and more glorious unfoldments of the celestial life on Earth, where must fall the fearful responsibility of this stagnation and inertia. I am fully aware that in many circles, these difficulties have been met and overcome, in a great measure, so that light radiating from thence shines with an undiminished splendor to the ends of all the earth, and forms an occasion of rejoicing, to all the friends of progress everywhere; but at the same time, to thousands of spiritualists, who

have been laboring long and struggling hard, such tales sound like something afar off.—What we want is a present realization of the promised, and long hoped for, better time, and open demonstrations such as shall stop the mouths of honest unbelievers. It is said that these demonstrations depend upon favorable conditions, but the difficulty grows no less, for spirits, some claiming to be of a high order, influence our mediums and address us in high flown styles, but it must be confessed that most of it looks more like the fumes of an overheated imagination, than the cool thoughts of wisdom. Why cannot they tell us something of sterling worth, and give instruction in a real practical reform?

Why not forewarn of approaching evils, and give the necessary advice or information to avert it. There has been a passage in my life of the most fearful interest, involving the interests and happiness of a large circle of friends; and upon this subject have I sought counsel and aid from spirits, as far as convenient, which has been now these two years back, and all that time, not a word from a father, brothers or sisters, though all that time constantly attending circles and demonstrations of various kinds, as often, most of the time, as once a week.

Again, why not a word on domestic improvements, as of agriculture, or manufacture which is absorbing so much of our time, and still must, till the various improvements will give us leisure to think. Why not an agitation of the social reform questions, as communities, and other progressive associations which the leading minds of the age are agitating? Why not lectures on the sciences from those who have devoted their lives to them, or on history so full of solemn import and instruction? Why not a course of lectures on Phrenology, Physiology, &c., or an account of the progress made by inhabitants of the Planets? of the various improvements there, &c.? Why not more institutions for the relief of the sick, the blind, &c.? or practical directions for protecting the poor against the aggressions and monopoly of the rich, &c.?

The field is boundless, and we need the aid of the gods to deliver us from the evils of ignorance, oppression and bigotry. We fancy there has been gassing enough for the present, and what we now want is men and women, of bone and sinew, of back bone and vitals, who can stand a little fire, if need be, to accomplish anticipated reforms.

W. H. SMITH.

MARION, O.

CAUSE OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.—M. de la Rive, the celebrated French astronomer, explains the production of the Aurora Borealis in the following manner:

When the sun, having passed into the southern hemisphere, no longer heats our atmosphere, the aqueous vapors which have accumulated during the summer in this part of the atmosphere begin to condense, the kind of humid cap which envelopes the polar regions extends more and more, and facilitates the passage of electricity accumulated in the upper portion of the air. But in this elevated region, and especially at this period of the year, the aqueous vapors must most frequently pass into the state of minute particles to ice or snow floating in the air, similar to those which give rise to the halos; they form, as it were, a kind of semi-transparent mist. These half-frozen fogs conduct the electricity to the surface of the earth, near the pole, and are at the same time illuminated by these currents of electric discharges. In fact, all observers agree in asserting that the aurora borealis is constantly preceded by a mist, which rises from the pole, and the margin of which, less dense than the remainder, are colored the first; and indeed it is very frequent near the pole in the winter months, and especially in those where there is abundance of vapor in the air.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—This mammoth steamer is advertised to leave England early in September for Portland, Me., after having made a short trial trip. So the expectations of our Portland friends are likely to be realized at last. The arrival of the Great Eastern in this country will no doubt create a widespread curiosity to see her, and the revenue of the Forest City will be seriously taxed to accommodate the rush of visitors.

A table compiled from official documents gives the number of Freemasons in the United States as 211,538, and the income of the lodges as about \$1,150,000.

THE SUSPENSE OF FAITH.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE ALUMNI OF THE DIVINITY SCHOOL OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
Given July 10, 1859.

BY THE REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS,
Pastor of All Souls Church, New York.

The subject I propose to treat at this time is large, and will stretch your patience; it is disputed, and will need your charity; it is, in some measure, new, and not sure of your sympathy. I cannot, perhaps, introduce it better than by confessing the difficulty of naming it; and the difficulty is intrinsic. To raise a question, and not answer it; to object to what exists, and present nothing better; to start a discussion, without much advancing it, is, of course, more or less, to beat the bush without being able to foretell the game. And yet, how can a Unitarian Christian, amid the honest antagonisms and divergent tendencies of his own people, treat of our religious times, our denominational experiences, wants, and prospects, with candor and largeness, and yet claim wholly settled convictions, clear views, and a settled policy? Nay, how can our history, position, and future, be considered at all, apart from the history, position, and future of the Protestant era itself; that is to say, without a consideration of the mental and ecclesiastical attitude of the nineteenth century? To search out the characteristic ideas, positive and negative, of this epoch, with special reference to the good or evil influence they have exerted upon our own faith and its embodiment, is what I undertake. And before I conclude the discussion of my theme, I shall hope to justify its title, which is this: The Suspense of Faith.

Let me preface what I have to say with a single word more. I am about to speak of tendencies; and the most liberal exceptions are to be allowed for in favor of those who resist them. I am about to enter complaints against what I could spend the whole time in praising, and yet leave the ground of these complaints as solid as ever. Let no one, then, imagine me to be ungrateful to the services, insensible to the merits, or cold to the fellowship of the Unitarian body, or the Protestant era, because my present business is to examine their defects. If I criticize Unitarianism, it is as a Unitarian; or Protestantism, it is as a Protestant. If I show the wants of our own system, it is not as advocating a return to the systems we have abandoned; if I question the finality of Protestantism, it is not in the interest of Romanism; if I speak in the language of a Churchman, it is not as an Episcopalian, much less as aiming at the re-establishment of a hierarchy; if I use some tones of despondency, and point to some threatening clouds, it is not in forgetfulness of the everlasting bow that spans the storm that evokes them. I place this caveat at the threshold to avoid the necessity of a fatiguing caution in every step beyond it.

What, then, is the present condition of our Unitarian body? Considered numerically, or with reference to social position and moral influence—considered relatively to its age and opportunities—considered with reference to any obstacles to its spread in public sentiment, or from external quarters, it is impossible not to concede to it a fair degree of prosperity. There never was less reason for despondency, so far as rivalry with other religious sects could breed it; never less to fear from the arguments, the exclusiveness, or the reproaches of others. Our ministers, churches, charities, public gatherings, manifestations of all sorts, were never so numerous and so popular as at present.

And yet, spite of increasing numbers and increasing moral vitality, of growing earnestness and activity, of larger acceptance and easier advance, there is an undeniable chill in the missionary zeal, an undeniable apathy in the denominational life of the body; with general prosperity, in short, there is despondency, self-questioning and anxiety. It is a singular, and, to many, perhaps an unaccountable phenomenon.

What is the explanation of it?

It will be found in a consideration of

I. The particular,

II. The general,

III. The universal, reason, of what, in the course of this discussion, will show itself to be a common *suspense of faith*.

I. Is it not largely due, in the first place, and particularly, to the fact, that our missionary and denominational work, through the changed aspects of the theological world—the decay of intolerance, the softening of the current creed of Christendom, and the spread of mild and practical views of religious duty—has lost much of its urgency and point? Is not the work of emancipating the community from bigotry and superstition, so much more rapidly and successfully carried on by political and democratic life, literature, and the public press, that our vocation in this direction is mostly gone? Doubtless, in the newer parts of the country, there are thousands of small communities where the polemical instructions of the Unitarian pioneers would be a great blessing still; but before such wants could be met by us, they are so sure to be overtaken by more general influences—the spirit of the country, the age, and the Church—that we instinctively feel the inexpediency of wasting our energies upon them. The propagandism of Unitarian ideas is essentially paralyzed by the feeling that they are sowing themselves broadcast, not in the formal, but the essential religious thought of the country and the time; and the indifference to increasing our ministers and our churches is very much due to the conviction that many ministers

and churches, of all names and orders, are now doing our work, if less directly, yet more thoroughly than we could do it ourselves.

I do not wish to take this first position, which lays no claim to originality, without careful discrimination. It is, otherwise, liable to misconstruction, and justly offensive, both to earnest Unitarians, as disparaging the importance of our formal controversy, and to the great orthodox public, as a boastful calumny upon its sincerity and actual self-knowledge. I do not affirm, therefore, that the spirit of the age and the providence of God, are making the world Unitarian, in the sectarian sense of that word, or that an inevitable abandonment of those formulas of the Church against which we have openly protested, is in the near, or even the distant prospect. But I do maintain that the principles, and sentiments, the rights of conscience, the rationality of method, the freedom of inquiry, the practical views of religion, which we have been contending for under the name and colors of our Unitarian theology, are under other names and colors so rapidly conquering the mind of our American Christendom that it is no longer felt to be necessary to maintain a stringent denominational organization for their sake; and thus that the original and animating spirit of the denomination is taken away by the success of the principles for which it stood. On the other hand, while not prepared to claim that the Unitarian movement has caused this general advance, or that its present position indicates the final stand of the Church, I believe that it has providentially led, and historically signified, a forward movement of the whole Protestant body; and that universal Christendom will heartily own in due time the urgent necessity of the correlative ideas for which we have so boldly stood. I thoroughly believe that the Trinitarian theology of the historic Church, outworn and embarrassing now, was helpful, because relatively true to the times in which it arose, and that the ideas lay in the minds of the authors of the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds—to emphasize and defend which against the swelling and encroachment of other and mischievous opinions they erected the bulwarks of those mighty affirmations and solemn protests—were essential ideas; but ideas which, if they add anything to a devout and scriptural Unitarianism (which is doubtful,) contradict nothing in it. It was because, in course of time, the heirs of those creeds, ignorant of their origin, or forgetful of their purpose, came to hold them in a way that did contradict the common sense and self-evident principles touching God's sovereignty and Fatherhood, Christ's humanity and subordination, and Man's uprightness of nature, which Unitarianism has so triumphantly vindicated and re-established, that our mission became imperative.

Mazzini lately refused the programme of the Allies, because the Piedmontese Government substituted the unification for the unity of Italy; thus admitting its division under different rulers. We refused and refuted the programme of modern Orthodoxy, because a degenerate Trinitarianism had substituted the unification for the Unity of God. The Church Universal will, in due time, bless us for this service to the common cause.

No view of ecclesiastical history is respectable which allows much place to self-will in the origin of considerable sects and heresies, still less in the grander movements of the Church. There is a providential necessity in the rise, progress, conflict and confluence of all religious bodies. As our Savior's robe was parted among his enemies, so his truth is divided among his friends. Sects are complementary of each other, and none of them are anything more than relatively right. To speak of Unitarianism independently of Trinitarianism, conveys no correct, and no valuable ideas; and the purely denominational theology of our body has no worth in the decline of the errors or extravagancies it was born to balance or compensate. It is for this particular reason that we are now experiencing our loss of interest in it, and its consequent languor as a missionary impulse.

II. But, in the second place, to come to the general reason. There is a broader view to be taken of the general cause of the pausing posture and self-distrust of our Body. Since we began our career, a fact of decisive influence upon our destiny has unexpectedly disclosed itself. The underlying principles and sentiments of the Unitarian body have turned out to be the characteristic ideas and tendencies of the religious epoch we live in. Protestantism produced us, we owe it. Whatever is good or bad in our spirit and direction, was latent in the whole product of that world-movement. The peculiar identification of Protestant tendencies with our special theology is partly accidental, partly historical; the tendencies themselves are the great fact. Thus no criticism of Unitarianism is radical which is not also a criticism of Protestantism; nor is it possible to understand our position and prospects, without considering from a high point of view the general drift of Protestantism itself. Our eddy or current is to be explained only by a survey of the main current, drought or freshet, only by an examination of the common water-shed. If I say, then, that our pause as a denomination is the pause which Protestantism makes on awaking to the full consciousness of her own tendencies, I shall best express my second and most important idea.

These tendencies have only recently cleared themselves to view, and are not by the boldest faced without some concern. Yet it is best to look them full in the front; to acknowledge them for just what they are, and rely upon God and the truth to deliver us from evil at their hands. Permit me,

As he ceased speaking a pallor overspread his countenance, his lips quivered, and tears were in his eyes. I never saw him so moved.

Mrs. Marvyn has a faithful negro w
man, once a slave, now a kind servan
whose great heart, throbbing with th
deep tide of simple love and affectio
comes to the rescue of the poor brain wel
nigh crazed with the crushing theologi
which pictured God as a very fiend
equality and unappeasable ferocity. C

Men are every day saying and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation, what has no root whatever in their serious conviction. — [Character]

know, perhaps, already, that every number of the Times is printed from stereotype plates, thus saving a great part of the wear and tear of the type. The stereotype plate is taken

VOL. II. NO. 32

Girls are early taught deceit, and they never forget the lesson. Boys are more outspoken. This is because boys are instructed to be frank and open is to be manly and generous, while their sisters are perpetually admonished that "this is not pretty," or "that is not becoming," until they have learned to control their natural impulses, and to regulate their conduct by precepts and example. The result of all this is, that while men retain much of their natural dispositions, women have made-up characters.

B. Marsh's Catalogue.

BELA MARSH,

No. 14 Bromfield Street, Boston,

Keeps constantly on hand, for sale at the Publishers' prices, the books named in the following list of Spiritual works, together with many others suitable for the times. All new publications received as soon as issued, and the trade supplied at a liberal discount. Orders are respectfully solicited. 10 per cent. will be added to the annexed prices when books are ordered to be sent by mail.

Twelve Messages from the spirit of John Quincy Adams, through Joseph D. Smith, Medium, to John Brigham. 494 pages, 8vo. Price \$1.00.

Philosophy of the Spirit World. By Rev. Charles Hammond. 63c.

Messages from the Superior State. Communicated by John Murray through John M. Spear. Price 60c.

The Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine. C. Hammond, Medium. 75c.

Voices from the Spirit World. Isaac Post, Medium. 60c.

had appropriated to myself. Communications of commendation arising from these. 35 cents, \$1.50

remarkable incident which occurred, and receiving my sermon at Granville, N. J. I certainly did not consider it, and, until now, never heard that any one, considered that "manifestation" as a "lecture" in disapprobation, but as an approval of what I said. And so far from being "astonished," I believe I took it about as coolly as any in the audience, controlling both myself and them so as to avoid "all confusion."

The facts were simply these: Instead of, as your "chronicler" asserts, "delivering a discourse upon a passage of Scripture referring to the Tower of Babel, the confusion of tongues, &c." I delivered one from a passage exactly the reverse:—"For then will I turn unto the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve him with one consent." Zeph. 3: 9. In the discourse I tried to show that mere human reason, as a dry, reflective attribute was not a sufficient power to guide the human heart into the light of the highest life, and that all mere outward and material manifestations could not do it, however real or remarkable they might be; that it was a Spirit-power, ethereal and pure, such as abode on Jesus and was received into his heart and dwelt there, regulating his whole life; the Spirit of Truth, the Holy Comforter, the Love of God, the Father, living and strengthened in us by "love to one another," and rising into affinities with all that is good, and pure, and lovely on earth and in heaven; that the connexion between time and eternity is not so distinct, nor the condition so unlike as many have contended; that heaven is here, near us, in us; even the spirits of the just made perfect are with us, acting by all kind and holy influences in those who will receive them; and that this language of Love—of the heart, is the "pure language" by which "all shall call on the name of the Lord to serve him."

I then sought to find illustrations in my own experiences as a testimony common to all who thought upon the subject.—When I touched some of those chords which unite us to our "loved ones gone," the whole audience was moved to joyful, hopeful tears. One in the audience, a nervous man, exceedingly impressible, was overcome by his feelings,—reason gave place to feeling, and imagination took the helm. Unconscious of what he did, he came to the pulpit and embraced me with affection—not to rebuke, there was no occasion for it, but to approve and bless.

It was almost ludicrous, I confess, to see a man of about my own age—and to feel his rough beard—pretending to be and personify my spirit-mother, who died so young, delicate, almost ethereal. Had it been "the well-known and worthy trance-speaker," referred to by your correspondent, it would have appeared much more consistent and believable, and not less agreeable to Your Obedt. Serv't,

WM. S. BALCH.

ASHUELLOT, Aug. 12.

Editors of THE AGE:—The following paragraph appeared in the Springfield Republican of the 11th instant:

A NET FOR THE METAPHYSICIANS.—"If a man die, shall he live again?" An eminent geometer has said that "force has a spiritual origin." Faraday advocates the conservation of the origin of forces—that is, conservation of spirit. If the above premises of eminent scientists are correct, if spirit is conserved—that is, if there is no more and no less of the spiritual essence in the universe than

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ASHUELLOT, Aug. 12.

Announcements.

[All persons announced as speakers, under this head are requested to use their influence in favor of procuring subscribers for, and extending the circulation of, the AGE.]

Dr. GARDNER will speak at Taunton, on the first Sunday of Sept., and E. V. WILSON the Sunday following.

DEXTER DANA will speak at "The Spiritual Age Hall," 14 Bromfield street, in the afternoon of the first Sunday in Sept., in reply to the question, "Why am I a Spiritualist?"

A. B. WHITING may be addressed at Brooklyn, Mich. till Sept. 15th.

A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Ogdensburg, N. Y., the first Sunday in Sept., and at Owego, N. Y., the two last; also at Binghamton, N. Y., the two first Sundays of Oct., after which he will go West.

J. S. LOVELAND will lecture at Willimantic, Ct., Sept. 18 and 25. Address at 14 Bromfield street, Boston, care of Bela Marsh.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture through the months of September, October and November in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Maine. Those places desiring his services can address him through the month of August at Seymour, Conn. An immediate response is desirable, so that he can arrange his appointments to advantage.

NEWTON, in consequence of a new arrangement of the AGE, expects to be able hereafter to devote the last of his time to the lecturing field. Calls addressed at Boston will be duly attended to. He will lecture in the U. S. A., Mass., on Sunday, Sept. 4th.

DR. J. W. L. will lecture in Columbus, Ohio, on the 11th and 12th; in Cleveland, Sept. 18th; in St. Louis during October; and in St. Paul, Minn., in November. Miss Hardings returns to St. Paul in March, 1860. Address S. Fourth street.

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"MICHIGAN YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS OF PROGRESS."

At Ann Arbor, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

Not a meeting of fact, based by arbitrary authority, and therefore shrinking from freedom of thought and speech—but an assembling of men and women,

Who seek the truth wherever found, On Heavens, on Christian ground."

and to gain it, welcome the frank and earnest utterance of the matured thoughts and convictions of any who may be present, on the great questions of Reform, Religion, Freedom, Spiritual existence, and Social order, that are moving the world more than ever before.

Let many meet far and near, for three days of candid thought and well-ordered free speech, that we may know better how to aid the rule of Wisdom, Justice, and Love;—how to gain that health of soul and body so needed for the advent of "Peace on Earth and good will among men." Come! Orthodox, Heterodox; Spiritualists and Materialists.

Able speakers will be present, and it is confidently hoped the occasion will be of interest and importance. Those from abroad, wishing names during the meeting will call on the Committee named below who will see them provided for.

WASHINGTON WEBB, ROBERT GLAZIER, DR. KELLOGG, A. WIDENMANN, L. SPIER, G. SPRAGUE.

SPECIA AND PERSONAL.

Hopedale Home school.

This Institution is designed to combine thorough instruction in Science, and General Literature with judicious training of the physical and moral nature. To secure to the children and youth resorting to it for educational purposes such home and neighborhood influences together with such specific culture as may be promotive of their growth in virtue and true excellence, is a sacred aim. Thoroughly Reformatory and Progressive in its spirit and character, it must rely mainly upon the patronage of those sympathizing with the better tendencies and movements of the age for support.

The First Term of the Scholastic Year 1859-60 commences on Wednesday, Sept. 7, and continues fifteen weeks. For Circulars containing full information, please address either of the Principals, Hopedale, Milford, Mass.

W. S. HAYWOOD, Principals.
A. B. HAYWOOD, Principals.

Aug. 18, 1858.34

First Anniversary of the Philanthropic Convention.

The platform of the Philanthropic Convention, at Buffalo, N. Y., on the 1st of September, 1859, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The following persons, residing in the city of Buffalo, N. Y., are the members of the Convention.

Dr. J. W. L. will lecture in Columbus, Ohio, on the 11th and 12th; in Cleveland, Sept. 18th; in St. Louis during October; and in St. Paul, Minn., in November. Miss Hardings returns to St. Paul in March, 1860. Address S. Fourth street.

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